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Don't Worry About Servants; Just Run a "Home Canteen" For Hubby and the Family!

If Mrs. Vincent Astor in War Time Could Wait on Table and Fry Eggs for Doughboys, and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Sr. Could Scrub Floors, Why Can't Mrs. John Jones in Peace Time Put Housework on Canteen Basis?

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

THE shortage in servants is growing shorter, according to the recent utterances of those Solomon of the domestic service situation—the managers of New York employment bureaus.

Lack of immigration, the wartime migration of Bridget and Olga and Jane from the home to the factory, the growing distaste for housework—these are some of the causes ascribed for the black cloud of servantlessness, which even now is shadowing the vacation horizon of the wife and mother and making her nervously eager to start back to town from sea or mountains and begin the desperate hunt for "help." It seems to be a fact that not even Senatorial approval of the peace treaty will restore to a peace-time basis the old and famous industry of home-making.

Recently in The Evening World Kathleen Norris and Mae Saville Croy suggested that the servant problem be solved by making the home safe for democracy by treating your home assistant as an equal instead of as a capped-and-aproned inferior. But that plan, though excellent in intention, must remind certain harassed housewives of the old recipe for jugged hare, which begins—"First catch your hare." First catch your servant—then treat her like a sister or a rich aunt. But what if you cannot catch her?

It was while I was crossing City Hall Park the other day that there occurred to me a solution of the servant problem—revolutionary, it is true, but not in the least Bolshevik. Workmen were pulling down the timbers that had supported the pleasant little soldiers' canteen in charge of the Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense. I knew that everywhere these canteens are being dismantled, with the mustering back into civil life of their uniformed patrons. Large numbers of women canteen workers also are being mustered out.

"Why," I asked myself, should not every woman—at least, every servantless woman—run her own canteen? Now that the canteens for soldiers are closing, why should not the wife and mother open a canteen at home for Tom and the children? Why not cook and clean for them, as well as for the men in khaki and blue?

It is a fact—can't it?—that during the war such humble tasks as dish washing, doughnut frying, floor scrubbing and waiting on table were "taken up" by our smartest maids and matrons. Mrs. Vincent Astor served as waitress and fried eggs. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt sr. cheerfully pleaded guilty to scrubbing floors. Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt jr. presided over a sizzling pan of doughnut-fat. Then why should Mrs. John Jones of Riverside Drive or Montclair, N. J., hesitate to go and do likewise? It is more than likely she learned how to prepare simple food, serve it clean up after it in some one of the canteens or clubs opened for soldiers and sailors. Women who used to pride themselves on never going into a kitchen except to give an order are now familiar with the rules and practices of simple housewifery, and have discovered these are not so darkly mysterious, after all. Why should all this new knowledge and experience be wasted? Why throw

TWO MINUTES OF OPTIMISM

By Herman J. Stich

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Cause for Congratulation

HISTORY is a chronicle of carping but unavailable attempts to impede the forward march of men at whose feet the world later knelt to learn.

Every man who rejected antiquated school tests and inadequate tool chests was a victim of unreasoning, obstructive criticism. Our greatest benefactors were no exception—they simply had to do their best and leave the rest to Faith and Fate.

Many a man makes a brilliant beginning, but as opposition increases his enthusiasm decreases. He never becomes eligible for Posterity, for that arch chronicler makes no note of a splendid start that does not culminate in a corresponding finish.

The hill is all the more prominent among molehills, the tree among thistles. As achievements show, sour grapes grow. Whenever a man gets bigger than his community his townsmen strive to minimize the difference.

Greatness is a multi-itemed composite, its most important ingredient is courage—moral strength to strike harder in the face of the ignorant, contemptuous, detracting criticism which is the meed of every man who quits the crowd or tries to rise above the mass.

The only way to escape criticism being through obscurity, the moment you begin to be "panned" you have cause for congratulation.

Keeping New York's Kiddies Out of Mischief By Giving Them Something to Do

Seven Summer Play School Centres of the Federation for Child Study Each Day Give Youngsters a Place to Play, a Bath, a Job to Do, Some Music, and a Nap



PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT RECREATION

By Zoe Beckley

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SAMMY did a pickled herring can to the cat's tail. The cat, being even poorer, thinner and mangled than Sammy and having worse nerves, ran frantically under a pushcart. The string got tangled round the prop and down went the cart, upsetting everything and everybody and spilling Mrs. Blumberg's onions in the slimy gutter. It all happened because Sammy hadn't anything to do, and he had to do something.

Likewise Anna, Anna was ten. She thought it would amuse the baby if she lighted some matches. She did, mother being out buying tripe. The matches caught a curtain and a gust of wind— But why be tragic? The whole thing happened because Anna had nothing to do, nothing to amuse the baby with, no place to play and nothing to play with. She had to do something.

There are 500,000 Sammys and Annas in this place which we so lovingly call "dear little old New York."

Mr. Longfellow would never have placed "the children's hour" as "between the dark and the daylight" if he could have glimpsed the yard of the Emanuel Sisterhood at 335. A long queue of small and famished youngsters, underweight but overjoyed, were lined up with cups for the milk and grumpy little paws held eagerly out for crackers. If you have ever tossed a biscuit to a half-grown pup you get some idea of the speed with which that refreshment disappeared. And the "More!" look about those kiddie's eyes! It seemed a pity there were not tons of crackers and lakes of milk.

Through the back door of the big building of the Emanuel Sisterhood, at No. 318 East 82d Street, where one of the seven Federation play centres is established, I heard a great pandemonium of shouts and bangings. "It is," said Dr. Gruenberg, throw-

ing open the door, "the milk-and-crackers hour."

A nurse is at each centre always, to take care of banged heads, cut fingers, punched eyes and other incidents of a lively day. A play instructor keeps things going. Miss Gruenberg goes his rounds and oversees everything from the best method of weaning Tommy from his habit of "bawling" all corners to the problem of occupying 210 pairs of hands with one-tenth that number of tools and playthings.

The noon lunch costs each kiddie a dime. It costs the different organizations that furnish it fifteen cents. If a tot hasn't the dime, and poor mother cannot possibly find it out of her meagre house money, the lunch is eaten all the same. For the Federation finds, as did the man who put green spectacles on his mule and

DINNER TIME

fed him straw, that no body can function without at least enough nourishment to keep life in it. And they can furnish you figures on starving children that will set your nerves a-quiver.

"With enough to eat," says Dr. Gruenberg, "and enough occupation, we figure that 90 per cent. of the children in this town who ultimately become charges on the community could be made fine and fit citizens."

"The city could ship every one of its 500,000 children-of-the-streets away to the country for the summer vacation and make it a profitable investment. They could be taught, boarded, entertained and cared for physically for less than they cost the State in the end, as things are now."

"I met a boy in the street yesterday who was on the brink of doing something that would eventually land him in an institution. 'Why do you do that?' I asked him.

"Aw, what's there to do? I gotta have some fun."

"Come to our play school!" "What do they do there?" "Play, study, learn how to cobble shoes and make benches and—"

"Do youse have tools there?" He fairly jumped at me in his eagerness. When I told him yes, and that he could play on a fiddle if he wanted to, and hear stories told, and get into a chorus, and join a club, he yipped with joy."

Transfers

Transfer Has Made New York a Cross Town—Car Riding Now Costs More Than a Phone Call and the Connections Are Just as Bad.

By Neal R. O'Hara

OUR favorite morning paper's gone up to 3 cents a copy, but it's still got the largest circulation in Greater New York. Evening edition also costs 3 cents. Not worth it, but you can't get very far without it. We refer to the Daily Transfer. Only thing you can say in favor of this paper is that it's got a punch in it.

Transfer has made New York a cross town. Folks used to be easy going till the company stuck a 2-cent tax on the colored alphas. Now the 3 cents comes hard. Nobody kicks at the initial cost—what's a nickel to anybody?—but it's the 3 cents for the company's up-keep that makes a growl where nothing grew before.

Company's got it planned like Billy Sunday. If a guy's going straight, he travels for a nickel. If he's an off-and-on guy, costs him more. What could be fairer than carfare?

Transfer hold-up occurs where the public gets off. Public wouldn't mind that if it could only find where the company gets off. Big secret of the company's success is that it doesn't get off. Nope! It goes right through—the public's pocket. And the big joke is that the public COMES through. Joke is on the public, as usual.

Conductors are crazy about 7-cent fares. Some of 'em are so crazy they're rabid. Company says 7-cent schedule is Heaven-sent, but what the conductors say of it makes no mention of Heaven. Two cents extra does please the conductors in one way, though—it gives 'em change in their daily routine. So much change that when a guy gets back to the car-barn he's got

more coppers than the police force. Seven-cent fare increases the conductors' weight on the cars, and patrons complain it increases their wait too.

However, as Abe Lincoln might have said it, a man's a fool to please the public all the time. Traction company thinks so well of that advice it's collecting Lincoln pennies in his honor.

Guy that rides down to the office pays 7 cents. When he rides home he pays seven more. And those are the fourteen points they're kicking about. No kick on the tenth point, however. They're willing to pay ten—anything above that they pay with reservations, some of 'em more verbal than mental.

Company got its idea at the ball game. Up at the Polo Grounds somebody hollered, "Everybody up for the seventh." Company decides it's a good idea. Issues an order for everybody to come up for the seventh cent. Ball players call it the lucky seventh—so does the railway company. Crap shooters also regard seven as lucky. Seven in crap-shooting is called a pass, but railway doesn't recognize crap shooters' union—issues no passes.

Car riding now costs more than a phone call, and the connections are just as bad. Public drops in its nickel and Central says they don't answer. Public asks the company who gave 'em the right to jack up fares and they don't answer, either. But the public's gonna keep on ringing up and the company's gonna keep on ringing up too. Only the company's ringing up fares. Yup, it's a gay life in old New York. Gay life is right—and it doesn't cheapen.

How Clouds Make Lightning In a Summer Thunderstorm

LIGHTNING! The mysterious and vivid electrical flashes that startle us during a severe thunder storm sometimes carry as much as 20,000 or more amperes at a pressure of a million volts. It is not too much to think that the future will some time see man harnessing and making use of this tremendous source of energy, says the Electrical Experimenter.

Lightning, because it presents such great hazards, cannot be safely experimented with. Little of scientific importance has been gleaned of lightning since Benjamin Franklin made his crude demonstration with a common door key attached to the end of a kite string.

Many theories have been advanced to explain the causes of lightning, but many of them are vaguely insufficient. Electricity is universally recognized as being one of the important factors in the determination of weather conditions. Rain sometimes produces electricity. Sometimes electrical phenomena cause rain. A thunder storm is where rain and electricity are closely related. Here the rain drops condense primarily about small electrically charged particles called ions, and then cause the growth of the lightning charges in a manner to be explained in detail.

Large charges of electricity are often generated in a short space of time in thunder clouds. Lightning often is discharged from one cloud to the earth, but this is not necessarily the case. Lightning discharges a mile in length will frequently take place in the interior of a single cloud. But how does a cloud receive a charge, you ask.

Clouds are charged by induction. Figure 1 shows a cloud that has approached the earth which may divide in two parts. The charge of the opposite sign which has been attracted to that portion nearest the earth may be carried away by it at the time of division. The other portion of the cloud may carry away a charge of the same sign as the earth.

Figure 2 shows a smaller cloud visible on any warm day. The larger cloud is the result of intense local heating. Its height may be a mile from base to top. The smaller cloud may only be 100 feet high. The bulging tops of the larger clouds are thunder caps. These will roll together quickly sometimes and elec-



Fig. 1. Showing How a Cloud is Charged by a Positive Charge on the Earth Induces an Opposite Charge in the Cloud.



Fig. 2. How a Thunder-Cloud Grows. The Larger Cloud is the Result of Intense Local Heating and a Strong Up-Rushing Current of Air. It Height May Be a Mile from Base to Top. The Smaller Cloud May Measure Only a Few Hundred Feet in Height.

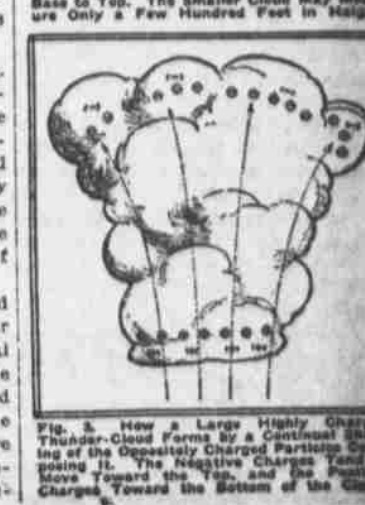


Fig. 3. How a Large Highly Charged Thunder-Cloud Forms by a Positive Charge on the Earth Induces a Negative Charge in the Cloud. The Negative Charges Tend to Move Toward the Top, and the Positive Charges Toward the Bottom of the Cloud.

MODERN SEA NYMPHS TAKE TO AQUAPLANES



AQUAPLANING

THE modern daughters of Amphitrite, goddess of the sea, have taken up a new sport, Aquaplaning, which has become popular at resorts all over the country.

The modern water nymph dashes over the waves at a tremendous speed. The "aquaplane" is really only a board towed by a motor boat. On this Miss Water Nymph rides. The idea was adapted from the natives of the Hawaiian Islands who have long ridden the seas on surf boards.